

Rising Sun by **gemnism**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Fluff, M/M, Oneshot, absolute fluff its so soft, byler, byler fluff

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, OC Mentioned, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-01-18

Updated: 2018-01-18

Packaged: 2022-04-20 16:23:34

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,770

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

He would always be there, till death do them part.

Rising Sun

He would always be there.

He remembered helping Will with his shoelaces when he was behind everyone else on learning to tie them on his own. They had been only a few weeks into their friendship and he couldn't help but notice that the other always had his right shoe laces untied and dragging against the wet, muddy ground.

"Will, your shoelaces are untied." What he didn't realize was that the seemingly innocent observation would have embarrassed his friend so much. He watched closely as Will's cheeks reddened and he went into a squat to tuck his laces into his shoes rather than tie them. He was observant, he always had been. Without saying anything he squatted alongside his friend and tugged them out of the shoe earning numerous protests from the smaller, but he tied them anyways.

"Better." He said.

He remembered the first time Will scraped himself- *really* scraped himself on the harsh concrete during spring break. He remembered the way Will cried and cried because the blood wouldn't stop leaving his knee, he remembered telling him countless times that it would be alright, that he was there, that everything would be okay.

He remembered the first time he showed Will how to shoot at a beer bottle the summer of 85'.

"Are you sure i'm not gonna hit myself on accident?"

"Of course you won't, c'mon just let go. I'm right here it's fine."

I'm right here. The one phrase that seemed to possess Will into doing anything and everything for the latter. The heat trickled down their faces as Will squinted and let go of the sling shot. He watched with a frown on his face as the rock went flying completely to the left of the bottle, not even grazing it slightly on the sides. The boy behind him didn't say anything though, there was nothing but the slight rub of

the shoulder and a “don’t worry it takes practice” as words of encouragement. Not long after he shot one of his own. The empty lot was filled with a soft “clank” as the rock smashed the bottle straight onto the ground and Will gawked at him in awe. He could feel the heat in his cheeks rise despite thinking that they couldn’t get warmer because of the weather outside, but nonetheless they did and his face was painted with a light peach. He grabbed the tip of his hat and pulled it down to his eyebrows while ducking his head low in an attempt to hide the flattery on his face.

He remembered the first time he saw Will *genuinely* get mad at him. It was that same year he taught Will how to shoot at a bottle for fun. The upcoming school year he found himself getting awfully acquainted with “Sydney from English”. He knew she liked him, he was observant. He noticed the long glances during class, the “accidental” brushing of hands when they walked together in the halls or when he walked her home. He noticed how she’d constantly find an excuse to play with his hair- or ask him to help her out with the homework even though they *both* knew she was one of the smartest kids in the class.

But he didn’t mind. He indulged it. He wasn’t really interested in the idea of shutting her down- partially because he enjoyed having her around as a friend (and if there was one thing he knew about girls his age it was that it was either only friends or only dating- and the primary was her current choice). The other reason why he never bothered with letting her know that he wasn’t necessarily interested was because he was *intrigued* . The idea of romance had always been alien to him, it was never on his list of things to pay attention to other than dungeons and dragons and the science fair. He wanted to try new things. He was fourteen and he’d never done so much as *look* at a girl in his class. Sydney was- as bad as it sounds- his experiment.

It was the day that he decided to finally show her his little hideaway, the empty lot. It was the first week of November and the cold was arriving but the summer heat managed to linger for a while longer. He was going to teach her how to shoot as he did with Will. Sydney caught on quickly. It only took her about twice to get perfect aiming- something that took himself almost a month to get down correctly. The whole afternoon went with them taking turns shooting and

seeing who could get the higher score. *Hours* went by and he didn't even notice the time. It wasn't until Sydney had pulled him into what he considered to be an intimate hug and informed him about how she had to go finish up homework that he realised how late it was. He checked his watch: 6:15pm.

Before Sydney could even ask for accompaniment on her way home he was making excuses as to why he had to quickly depart "sick sister", "chores", "mom's really pissed". The words left his mouth in one large ramble and he was running out of the lot before she had a moment to process the words that left his mouth.

He never rode his bike that fast before. He reached Will's house, not bothering to properly stop his bike before jumping off of it in an ungraceful manner. Almost falling onto his face he managed to collect himself as he ran towards the door, pounding on it incessantly. He wanted to kick himself in the face for being stupid. He's *never* forgotten- never in a million years has he ever forgotten about it and he knew that he was in deep shit. It only took a few minutes before the door opened and Will was in the doorway with a large frown plastered on his face and red eyes that almost matched the shade of the vest he wore.

"Go away."

"Look Will I'm sorry I really am I just got caught up, I was teaching Sydney how to-"

"I don't care Mike, obviously whatever sydney had to offer was more important."

Mike hadn't spoken to Sydney since. At first it was hard, she still asked to hang out, met him at the empty lot, tried to touch his hair. After three weeks she got the message. Will hadn't spoken to him for two months after it, but he figured he deserved it.

He remembered the first time they kissed. It was April 1st 1987. Will invited him over for a movie night to watch *Ferris Bueller's Day Off* even though they'd seen it about five times already beforehand. Joyce was working a late night shift so they were sprawled out on the couch by themselves, sharing a family sized popcorn bag and a giant

bag of dum dum's that Mike brought over. He caught himself looking over at Will's face multiple times that night, just staring at the light pink shade of his cheeks while thinking about how soft they must have been and how he wanted to rub his nose against it. They got to the scene of the big parade and Mike could hear Will humming the tune of the music softly to himself. That was when he made the move. He didn't remember doing it, he had no recollection of bringing his face to the other boy's. He only remembered the way Will's cheek felt against his nose, and how the boy pushed himself closer into Mike's touch. He could perfectly remember the way Will slowly turned his head towards Mike's and with the slowest, most thought out movement he closed the space between the two of them. He could remember how salty Will's lips were against his own due to the large amounts of popcorn he ate beforehand. The kiss only lasted a few seconds but they were the best seconds of Mike's life.

He thought about all of these as he knelt before Will in the center of the empty lot that held a large portion of their memories. He couldn't take his eyes off Will's as they glistened with tears that were starting to form in his eyes because he knew exactly what was about to happen and he couldn't be any happier.

"Will." His left hand squeezed his lover's gently before he placed a quick kiss to the back of his palm. He could feel himself shaking as he thought of what words to say, how to phrase things. He closed his eyes. "I'm not special."

At this Will began his continuation of protests which were all shushed by a small squeeze of his hand once again. Mike mentally cursed himself for starting off on that hand because if he knew anything about the boy in front of him it was that he hated when Mike criticized himself.

"No Will I need you to listen. I'm not special, you could have chosen anyone else. You could have chosen that stupid guy that hit on you at the arcade, but you didn't. You shut him down for *me*. God you don't understand how happy it makes me to think that you chose me. I can say to myself that Will Byers chose me."

Mike could feel his throat tightening and the tears threatening to make him look like a fool at any second and as he kept his eyes on

the man in front of him he could see that Will was going through the same thing. This was the moment Mike knew that he wasn't making a mistake getting down on his knee and exposing himself in a way that not even the most intimate sex between the couple could provide. He was giving himself to Will, once and for all.

"And i know that this is really expected... i suck at catching you off guard trust me, i know, but if you would give me the honor of-"

"Yes Mike." The words left Will's mouth in the smoothest motion causing Mike to sputter, suddenly not knowing what to say. He brought himself down to Mike's level, planting a chaste kiss on the hand that gripped his for dear life and he let the tears fall. He the warmth of the fluids cover his face as he smiled at his lover with the softest loving eyes and that's when Mike understood that he never had to ask in the first place because Will was already devoted to him, even after death separated them.

Author's Note:

hope u enjoyed this!!! i thought the concept was cute
so i did it i kinda didnt know how to bring it to a
proper closing so tell me what u think!